My truth and honour firmely.

Alb. A Herald ho. *Baſt.* A Herald ho, a Herald.

Alb. Truſt to thy ſingle vertue, for thy ſouldiers
All leuied in my name, haue in my name tooke their
Reg. This ſicknes growes vpon me. (diſcharge.

Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my tent,
Come hether Herald, let the trumpet ſound,
And read out this. *Cap.* Sound trumpet?

Her. If any man of qualitie or degree, in the hoaſt of the army, will maintaine vpon *Edmund* ſuppoſed Earle of *Gloſter*, that he's a manifold traitour, let him appeare at the third ſound of the trumpet, he is bold in his defence.

Baſt. Sound? Againe?

Enter Edgar at the third ſound, a trumpet before him.

Alb. Aske him his purpoſes why he appeares
Vpon this call oth' trumpet.

Her. What are you? your name and qualitie?
And why you anſwere this preſent ſummons.

Edg. O know my name is loſt by treaſons tooth.
Bare-gnawne and canker-bitte, yet are I mou't
Where is the aduerſarie I come to cope with all.

Alb. Which is that aduerſarie? (*Gloſter*,

Edg. What's he that ſpeakes for *Edmund* Earle of

Baſt. Him ſelfe, what ſaieſt thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy ſword.
That if my ſpeech offend a noble hart, thy arme
May do thee Iuſtice, here is mine.
Behold it is the priuiledge of my tongue,
My oath and my profeſſion, I proteſt,
Maugure thy ſtrength, youth, place and eminence,
Deſpight thy victor, ſword and fire new fortun'd,
Thy valor and thy heart thou art a traytor.
Falſe to thy Gods thy brother and thy Father,
Conſpicuate gainſt this high illuſtrious prince,
And from the extreameſt vpward of thy head,
To the deſcent and duſt beneath thy feet,
A moſt toad-ſpotted traytor ſay thou no
This ſword, this arme, and my beſt ſpirits,

As bent to proue vpon thy heart whereto I ſpeake thou lieſt,

Baſt. In wiſdome I ſholud aske thy name,
But ſince thy outſide lookes ſo faire and warlike,
And that thy being ſome ſay of breeding breathes,
By right of knighthood, I diſdaine and ſpurne
Heere do I toſſe thoſe treaſons to thy head.
With the hell hatedly, oreturnd thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by and ſcarcely bruſe,
This ſword of mine ſhall giue them inſtant way
Where they ſhall reſt for euer, trumpets ſpeake.

Alb. Saue him, ſaue him,

Gon. This is meere practiſe *Gloſter* by the law of armes
Thou art not bound to anſwere an vnknowne oppoſite,
Thou art not vanquiſht, but couſned and beguild,

Alb. Stop your mouth dame, or with this paper ſhall I ſtople it, thou worſe then any thing, reade thine owne euill, nay no tearing Lady, I perceiue you know't. (me for't.

Gon. Say if I do, the lawes are mine not thine, who ſhal arraine

Alb. Moſt monſtrous know'ſt thou this paper?

Gon. Aske me not what I know. *Exit. Gonorill.*

Alb. Go after her, ſhee's deſperate, gouerne her.

Baſt. What you haue chargd me with, that haue I don
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
Tis paſt, and ſo am I, but what art thou
That haſt this fortune on me? if thou bee'ſt noble
I do forgiue thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity,
I am no leſſe in bloud then thou art *Edmond*,
If more, the more thou haſt wrongd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy fathers ſonne,
The Gods are iuſt, and of our pleaſant vertues.
Make inſtruments to ſcourge vs, the darke and vitious
Place where thee he gotte, coſt him his eies.

Baſt. Thou haſt ſpoken truth, the wheele is come
full circled I am heere.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophecie,
A royall nobleneſſe I muſt embrace thee,
Let ſorow ſplit my heart if I did euer hate thee or thy father.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[5]) Octavo